

THIS WEEK ON OUR STAGE.

HOW THE THEATRES PASS FROM THE OLD YEAR INTO THE NEW.

The Empire Stock Company in "Under the Red Robe"—Lillian Russell in "An American Beauty"—May Irwin in "Court and Country"—The New "Dorcas"—Unusually Interesting Changes of Bills.

This week carries the theatres from the old year into the new. It is a good time to look over the bills, not only with a view to choosing holiday entertainment, but to be encouraged by the present condition of the stage. It will be found that no serious play is just now offered to the public. There is fun and frolic, as there should be, and there is nonsense, but hardly an appreciable amount of even the foolish matter is reprehensible. Those who demand artistic dignity in their theatrical entertainment need to search far and long to find it in abundance. The average grade of play, and of the performances, too, is something to be proud of, because diversion is provided in such great variety, and with so little of improbability.

The stock company maintained these eight years by Charles Froese, and it is a pity that its landing as a New York body, so much as it has been an absentee, but it will be at home at the Empire to-morrow night, after about eight months of travel. Its return will be marked by the first production in this country of "Under the Red Robe." The popular book by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which was a play by Edward Ross, who did that kind of a job so well with "The Prisoner of Zenda." Of course, the story of the brave and adventurous hero is told again without essential alteration. His mission from Cardinal Richelieu is fraught with the same peril and emotions. It is unlikely that the audience will find the story of the romantic spirit of the novel's work. But it is said that Mr. Ross, in making the drama, has devised new material for the first act, in order to start the action clearly and vigorously. William Faversham has the rôle of the knight errant and Viola Allen that of the heroine. Of course, we shall see some fine scenery.

Lillian Russell will be expected to justify the title of a musical play at the Casino to-morrow night. That title is "An American Beauty." It is said that she is in good voice and so will sing. The new play, "An American Beauty," is a play to words and Gustave Kerkorian to the music. These experts have undertaken to provide a rôle in which Miss Russell shall be both seen and heard to the best possible advantage. It is further understood that George W. Lederer has had a guiding hand in the preparations. The play depicts the life of a young man who goes into a depiction of life here and now. Two acts are located at Newport, and include a garden gathering of fashionable folks, and a larger assemblage at a circus ball, where Miss Russell figures as a gayly-garbed queen of the arena. After showing things at Newport in what is promised shall be a very original and scenic, the play crosses the ocean to Monte Carlo for a third act. There is expectation of a good company and a handsome production.

May Irwin and John J. McNally have worked together for a number of years to make people laugh by writing farces and comedies. Their new joint effort is entitled "Court and Country," and its qualities will be on trial at the Bijou on Tuesday night. The character which Mr. McNally has provided this time for Miss Irwin to sport in is that of an actress, who marries a nobleman, and then, after a long and arduous journey, she is brought to her mother-in-law, and carries the family row into court. One scene contains a jolly supper given by the bride to her stage friends and their congenial comrades, and another represents a divorce trial. The plan of the piece provides reasonable places for the comedy, and it is said that a strong and probably successful effort has been made to get a lot of new ballads as taking humorous as those which helped the diversion greatly in "The Widow Jones." John C. Rice and Joseph Sparks are still Miss Irwin's very helpful companions, and the company is the same as last week.

A new musical comedy named "Dorcas" will be presented at to-morrow night's reopening of the theatre in Olympia. Its authors are Harry and Edward Paulson, father and son, and as it was they who wrote "Ermeline" and "Niobe," it is fair to expect something amusing when they put forth their latest work. The present piece is a comic opera without a chorus, and add that it will be given "with all the accessories which characterize the production of comic opera." The central idea of the plot is that a man and a woman, having been matched to marry, are separated by a series of adventures, and each of them before going to the matrimonial altar together. To that end, and neither suspecting what the other is doing, they assume fictitious names, and have a comic time of it while getting acquainted. The period is at the end of the last century, and the play is set in the principal characters. That permits of picturesque costumes. The company includes Eva Davenport, Drew Donaldson, Charles G. Russell, and William Broderick.

We shall get at the Irving Place on Thursday the original German play from which "His Last Boy" was translated into English. Its title in German is "Der Habenerwärt." The fun of it arises from a henpecked and unrepentant husband's dilemma when, after he has drawn money for twenty-five years for the support of a mythical son, he is confronted by his wife's demand for the money. The play is a comedy, and the first half of the week will be occupied by a continuation of "The Spendthrift."

The theatrical bills include what now pass into a final week. One of them is "A Fool of Fortune" at the Fifth Avenue, where William H. Crane's annual engagements have made its addition to the list of plays. It is a comedy, and the first half of the week will be occupied by a continuation of "The Spendthrift."

A third highly esteemed actor who will depart from us after this week is Richard Mansfield, and he will give on Saturday night a demonstration of his versatility in distinct characterization by assuming rôles in five plays. The bill is made up of portions of "Prince Earl," "Hau Brummell," "A Parisian Romance," "Richard III.," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His programmes earlier in the week are equally various.

A farewell week of "My Friend from India" ensues at Hoyt's. This farce came into New York to take the place of a failure. No more was expected of it than that it would serve as a stop-gap until something better might be secured. The next day's journals gave the news of a positive success in fourth, and, after receiving preliminary approval, it was transferred to Hoyt's to reap the remainder of its harvest.

This week of "Brian Boru" is final at the Broadway, and after that it will go off on a tour of the country. The play is a comedy, and the first half of the week will be occupied by a continuation of "The Spendthrift."

POEMS WORTH READING.

Love's Birthday.

Once on a snowy Christmas Eve I wandered down the street,
And, lo! I saw a little girl, with eyes as blue as sea,
A chance adventure scarcely thinking on this night
To meet a little girl, with eyes as blue as sea.

When right before my eyes appeared a little vision
Of a little girl, with eyes as blue as sea,
With eyes of blue and cheeks of rose, and waves of
Golden hair.

She stood behind a little group of children poorly clad,
Who gazed upon some wondrous show a shopman's
Window had:
And as they wished for this and that, and pointed
Here and there,

The little girl took me by the hand and tossed her golden hair,
And standing on her little toes, she whispered in my ear
The sweet request that I should bless these little children
Who were so poor and cold.

Within my faintest soul I felt that I must do her will,
I bade her tell them what I knew their little hearts
Would thrill.
Then each small fellow became the owner of the longed-for
Toy.

And sweet it was to know that I had brought them
Stole away and left them with their happy faces
There,
And wandered through the busy streets to breathe the
Fresher air.

Not long it was, I felt those fingers stealing through
My own;
My fairy had come back again, those eyes were here
Alone.

She came with tender sweetness, and her cheeks
Were rosy red;
"You were so kind to me, good sir, to do just what I
Said."

I want to show you how I make this good old city
And how I carry joy and peace to hearts so often
Sad;
Then, added by her magic power, I followed where she
Led.

Above the city's twinkling lights we rose and on-
ward sped,
Beyond a shadowy spire we met old Santa Claus's
Fairy friend.

And took a seat behind him as the reindeer passed
Away,
From house to house we flew, the while the fairy
Fellow flew.

And squeezed the good old Santa's hand; I wished
That I were he,
And hopped from house to house, and now the fairy
Fellow flew.

For as he filled each stocking small, a present here,
Too, made,
Then, as the midnight chimes rang out, we left the
King of snow.

And hopped from house to house, and now the fairy
Fellow flew,
Upon each sleeping face my fair companion left a
Kiss.

That when the sleeper woke he should remember
Only this,
That he had dreamed a happy dream that vanished
With the light.

But hopped with the Christmas morning's glad and
Blessed light,
Again the fairy clasped my hand, this time to say
Farewell.

"Before I go I am quite sure my name ought to
Be here,
And why I am so happy on this night of all the
Year."

"Tis Christmas Day that's dawning; see, its light is
Here,
And soon 'twill be my birthday, sir, for I am Love,
You know."

And Love was born on Christmas Day, two thousand
Years ago.
ARTHUR CLEVELAND PALMER.

Christmas Meditations of a Great Man.
Pull the curtains close, Thurber, ring for a hot
Of coal.

For I would sit and think, Thurber, examining my
Toil,
This is the very last Christmas of me, perhaps, my
Last term.

Am I not, as I was always, sagacious, statesmanlike,
Firm?
What if they do without me? Oh, it gives me
Time to think.

Of what will come to my country when it topples over
The brink.
What a man I am, Thurber: where can be found my
Peer?

I'm a man on myself, Thurber, excuse this honest
Boast,
Much I dislike to enlarge on myself, but I and you
Know.

I am the most remarkable man that history has to
show.
Wide will the eagle eyes of the future toward me
Turn.

For I'm the unparalleled financier who always had
Bonds to burn.
I'm the financier, Thurber, first and unequalled yet,
Who made a surplus, Thurber, by running the coun-
try.

This is the glorious secret: when you are running
Behind,
Just borrow and call it a surplus—oh, matches
triumph.

When and where was it equal? Hamilton and
Gallatin,
Compared with your Uncle Grover, didn't amount to
a pin.

Congress talks too much, Thurber; doesn't amount to
a cent.
Alas! no use for it, Thurber; I am the Govern-
ment.

Olney's a useful fellow, and when Olney and I agree,
What is the object of Congress, except to irritate
the people?

Congress is always blustering, always raising a
breeze;
I never bother my head with them; I always do as I
please.

March is a doleful month, Thurber; heaven protect
this land.

But I like to see the helm, Thurber, there's no one to
command.

Courage! Were this my last Christmas here, I
would go on.

But, perhaps, it will be for four years yet, and then
I'll come back.

It may do four years without me, but surely not
longer than that.

And long before that 'twill be howling for the good
old auctioneer.

Have a piece of gold duck, Thurber? How I did retail
the gold!

I like hunting ducks, Thurber, just now to state
manhood.

Here's confusion to Congress; have a pull at the dem-
agogue.

I know I'll save the country again and the people
will cheer me.

So here's a merry Christmas; I'm certain that, if I'm
alive.

Shortly after running the country again on Christmas,
Nineteen Five.

The Twilight of the Fests.

Away down in Asia Minor there, when Homer sang his
songs.

His poetry, the critics said, was very far from
strong.

And when he twanged his lyre there, this blind old
singing bird.

The critics called attention to his inartistic wrath
fall.

So there and there the story of Achilles' wrath fell
flat.

And scarce a coin was dropped within the blind old
beggar's hat.

"There were no coins," they said, "who thronged
the world about."

They once were numerous as grass; but now we are
just out.

Of course, the world was very old and song had lost
its spell.

In those gray, medieval days when Dante sang of
hell.

The lean old exile travelled far his shadow-haunted
path.

And wrote his book in solitude and aloft his heart
in pain.

And everywhere he wandered did the dilettante
throng.

Declare the wane of poetry, the end of song.
"Ah, no," they wept, "the Sons of Light did crowd
the world about."

The earth was bright with geniuses; but now we are
just out.

When Shakespeare ran a theatre, one time in London
town.

'Tis said he made good dividends and brought the
galleons down.

And many in those London streets looked on this
man, perchance.

But no man ever turned his head to get a second
glance.

He played old Hamlet's ghost, 'tis said; and thus he
spent his days.

A mediocre actor and a tinkler of old plays,
and loud he mourned for geniuses, and loud wept
for them.

"Lord send us geniuses once more; for now we are
just out."

Sam Wadsworth.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF NORTH GEORGIA.

The Mountain Streams of North Georgia.

From chanting cascades in the hills embosomed far
Comes, thrilling its throats and trills, the ethereal song.
And, meeting with the Carrean, they blithely brawl
Along.

While crested peaks and boulders gray echo their
Savage song.
The Coahuila softly creeps through grim and gruesome
glades.

Where rhododendrons deck the steep in haunted
democratic shades.
And Alouettes wanders where the sands of argent
gleam.

With wealth of lore and legend queer as some fan-
tastic dream.
With other men the Tugalo meanders through the
spruce.

Where scented wreaths of laurel throw their frag-
rance on the gale;
Naucochee seeks those scenes afar where rest and
peace abide.

The loveliest of the loveliest is reflected in its tide.
Amolcois, tempest tossed, raves like a frenzied
queen.

The sheen of her fair tresses lost deep in the dark re-
cesses.
Tongues of fire from ledge to ledge along the shaggy
brows.

Of rugged heights veiled with a hedge of drooping
birchen boughs.
Tallish peaks as hide and seek where lichen-crested
rocks.

And towering turrets, bald and bleak, their planities
upward.
Through storm and sullen solitude Telogo winds
its way.

And Telogo's cedar still broods above its lonely
shores.
The Coosa-Wattee mocks the wild and weird Co-
hoh's frown.

And, like some wanton, wayward elf, comes madly
down.
To join the Coosa-Wattee bold, then storms through
grove and glen.

And old Chilhowee's hurled bold unscathed by feet of
snow.
Fair Coconia's sweetly smiles 'mid glades and
glens.

With vistas dim and forest aisles and many a sylvan
scene.
And laughing, piping, whispering, croons the silver
Baillyou.

Those simple rhythmic, rustic tunes that fill the heart
with joy.
The dark Armuchee groans among the ranks of rus-
set.

While Iatula finds tongue for many a fond refrain;
Chatoona's harnessed waters turn into a whirling
wheel.

Where happy hearts find blithely burn and many a
fairy tale.
Ebbelure springs from pine-clad steep and comes that
never dries.

A star beam, while it laughs and leaps to meet the
Tugalo.
The Coconia's sweetly smiles 'mid glades and
glens.

And can't you see the Coconia's sweetly smiles 'mid
glades and glens?
And can't you see the Coconia's sweetly smiles 'mid
glades and glens?

Such are the sweet euphonious sounds the stranger
hears.
The hills whose memory still abounds with that for-
gotten tongue.

That adds no more a tender tone to every vibrant
word.
Three stars with Indian names alone recall the
Cherokees.

Roma, Ga.
MONTGOMERY M. FOLKLO.

Army Aristocracy.
From the Army and Navy Journal.
Aye, there they go away they fly, a string of
toes.

To Europe's little feeding ground, from John O'
Grady's
While they're in the land, they'll rank and file, with
title and rank.

And their golden plumage in whole seas of
sang-ar.
A beggarly 400, though, make the card complete
Of all the aristocracy, making the card complete.

Two, though, make the card complete, the card com-
plete.
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